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"Once a year I make my manners."

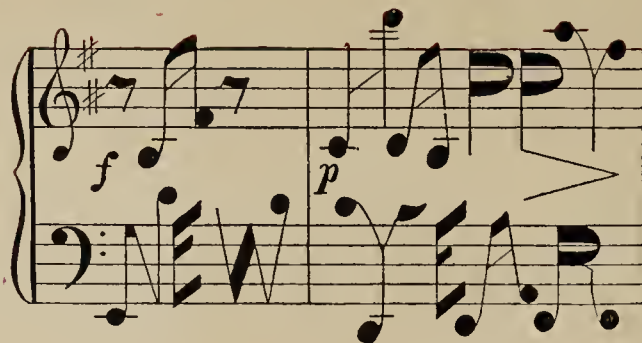
A MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!



Air



Every day I sell my papers,
I very seldom cut up capers ;
Once a year I make my manners,
Once a year I take the tanners,
Once a year at Christmas.



We're not such bad 'uns as
you'd think,
Learning to smoke and chew
and drink,



Through days that's hot and days that's
breezy

We earn our victuals not too easy,
'Ceptin' once at Christmas.

Some of us have reg'lar trade,
And keep our custom when it's made,
Some fill St. James' street with shouts,
And others follow reg'lar routes,
Which pays 'em well at Christmas.

When people get your face to know,
Then true and steady has best show,
And if you've found us out already,

Treat the boy that's true and steady
With kindness at
Christmas.





JAMES HANIVAN (OLD JOHN),
BORN 1793, DIED 19th DECEMBER, 1879,
AGED 86 YEARS.

Remember too with kindly heart,
 That every year bids some depart,
 And like your old friend passed away,
 There may be some will call to day
 You may not see next Christmas.

Now if you find a special fitness
 In the readers of the WITNESS,
 Being kind to the deserving,
 And rewarding faithful serving,
 Don't forget it's Christmas.

Montreal Witness

*2 Mrs. Lang
 W. Raphael*

1880



OLD
TOM
SHELLY,

RETIRED
November,
1879.



After the subject of the above engraving had retired from active life to the St. Bridget's Home, just before New Years' 1880, giving that institution all his savings, supposed to be a good round sum, Shelly's old companion, while selling papers at his old stand, the Post Office corner, was interviewed with regard to the event agitating newsboy circles. The old man's quaint way of stating the characteristics of "Old Shelly" can be gathered from the following :—

" So old Tom Shelly 's gone from off the street,
He is a rum one too, is old Tom Shelly,
He never took no spices on his meat,
And as to eatin' bread with sauce or jelly,
Or gettin' measured for a Sunday suit ;
He'd rather go without a sock or boot.
'Twas honest too, he got his pile of chink ;
No palmin' off a 12 o'clock edition.
He scarcely eat—you ask me did he drink ;
To make a pile was his absorbin' mission.
And now he's done it, he can take his ease,
But I—a WITNESS, one cent if you please."

